THE

POETICAL CALENDAR.

VOL. XI.

FOR NOVEMBER.

G.R. III.
B.R. MUS.

238 e 8

THE POETICAL CALENDAR.

CONTAINING

A COLLECTION

Of ſcarce and valuable

PIECES OF POETRY:

With Variety of

ORIGINALS AND TRANSLATIONS,

BY THE MOST EMINENT HANDS.

Written and Selected

By FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.
And WILLIAM WOTY.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

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MDCCLXIII.

G.R.III.
BR. MUS.

THE POETICAL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER. AN ODE.

DIſtant to ſouthern climes the ſloping ſun
Haſtens to bend his rays beyond the line,
Where Sagittary puts his armour on,
Slung is the quiver, where his arrows ſhine;
His azure bow reflects the ſolar beam,
While his bright darts acroſs th' horizon gleam.

Now firſt, the woodcock, near the gelid ſtream,
Seeks his known haunt, amid th' embrowned copſe,
Where cruel fowlers take their deadly aim,
Inglorious triumph! ſee, the victim drops!—
Forbear your ſavage ſport—oh! ſpare, ye ſwains,
The new adventurers on Britannia's plains!

Now ſharper bites the hyperborean blaſt,
While eager morning chills us at the dawn,
With drizzling ſleet the ſky is overcaſt,
And the white froſt beſpangles o'er the lawn,
The well-napp'd drugget cloaths the rural folk,
And homely cots diſplay a thicker ſmoke.

Come, Myra, ſince the woods have loſt their ſhade,
Since undelighting are the hills and plains,
Quit we the villas, while their glories fade,
To ſeek the town, where gayer pleaſure reigns;
But if the villas ſtill delight my fair,
Welcome the howling grove, and brumal air.

She, like Content, can bleſs the barren heath,
Her preſence bids the ſhaggy mount be ſmooth,
For where ſhe treads freſh herbage ſprings beneath,
And Myrtles blow in ſpite of Winter's tooth;
The rugged North, acknowledging her charms,
Suſpends his anger, and his blaſt diſarms.

NOVEMBER. A PASTORAL ELEGY.

WHat means, honeſt ſhepherd, this cloud on thy brow?
Say, where is thy mirth and thy melody now?
Thy pipe thrown aſide, and thy looks full of thought?
As ſilent and ſad as a bird newly caught.
Has any misfortune befallen thy flocks?
Any lambs been betray'd by the craft of the fox?
Or murrain, more fatal, juſt ſeiz'd on thy herd?
Or has thy dear Phillis let ſlip a croſs word?

The ſeaſon indeed may to muſing incline, [ſign;
Now that grey-bearded Winter makes Autumn re-
The hills all around us their ruſſet put on,
And the ſkies ſeem in mourning for loſs of the ſun:
The winds make the tree, where you ſit, ſhake its head;
Yet tho' with dry leaves mother Earth's lap is ſpread,
Her boſom to cheer us is verdant with wheat,
And the woods can ſupply us both paſtime and meat.

O, no, ſays the ſhepherd, I mourn none of theſe,
Content with ſuch changes as heaven ſhall pleaſe!
Tho' now we have got the wrong ſide of the year,
'Twill turn up again, and freſh beauties appear:
But the loſs that I grieve for, no time can reſtore——
Our maſter, who lov'd us ſo well, is no more;
That oak, which we hop'd would long ſhelter us all,
Is fallen; then well may we ſhake at its fall.

Where find we a Paſtor ſo kind and ſo good,
So careful to feed us with wholeſomeſt food?
To watch for our ſafety, and drive far away
The ſly prowling fox, always lurking for prey?
O, may his remembrance for ever remain,
To ſhame thoſe hard ſhepherds who, mindful of gain,
Only look at their ſheep with an eye to their fleece,
And watch them no more than the fox watch'd the geeſe!

Whom now ſhall I chuſe for the judge of my ſong?
Or muſt my poor pipe on the willow be hung?
No more to commend that good-nature and ſenſe,
Which always could pleaſe, but ne'er once give of-fence.
What honour directed, he firmly purſued,
Yet would not his judgment on others obtrude:
Still ready to help with his ſervice and vote;
But ne'er to thruſt oar in another man's boat.

No more, honeſt ſhepherd, theſe ſorrows reſound;
The virtues thou praiſeſt, ſo hard to be found,
Are yet not all fled—for the ſwain who ſucceeds
To his fields and his herds, is true heir to his deeds:
His pattern he'll follow, his gentleneſs uſe,
Take care of the ſhepherds, and cheriſh the muſe;
Then ceaſe for the dead thy impertinent care;
Rejoice—he revives in his brother and heir.

ON

ON THE BANISHMENT OF CICERO.

BY THE LATE DUKE OF WHARTON.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXII.

AS o'er the Ocean's ſwelling tide
Tully an exile rode,
The Roman bulwark, and the pride,
In act, in thought a god;
The ſacred Genius of majeſtic Rome
Deſcends, and thus laments her Patriot's doom:

Farewell! who every art reviv'd,
Thus conquer'd by thy foe,
Of honours and of friends depriv'd,
An exile muſt thou go!
Yet go content; thy look, thy mind ſedate,
Thy ſoul ſuperior to the ſhocks of Fate.

Thy wiſdom was thine only crime,
Thy virtue thine offence,
With patriot zeal, in urgent time,
Thy country's beſt defence;
No ſordid bribe could taint thy ſpotleſs ſoul,
No fears, nor threatening numbers could controul.

What tho' ſome chief Patricians ſtood
Firm to thy injur'd cauſe,
What tho' thyſelf diſplay'd the flood
Of eloquence and laws,
No rhetoric, no reaſon could repel
The united tides of Clodius and of Hell.

Thy mighty ruin to effect
What plots had been devis'd!
Rome's charter, like a veſſel wreckt,
Nor laws, nor rituals priz'd,
How many caitiff wretches were allur'd,
And witneſſes by hopes and threats ſecur'd!

And yet they pleaded Freedom's light
Beneath a thin diſguiſe,
Pleaded a ſpecious ſhow of right
From treachery and lies,
Aſſum'd of Freedom the judicial awe,
And coin'd ſevere oppreſſion into law.

Let Clodius now in conqueſt reign,
Exert his tyrant power,
And every nerve of juſtice ſtrain,
The pageant of an hour!
Let cringing fools adore their gilded god,
And ranſack ſhrines and temples at his nod.

Pierc'd by a Milo's ruthleſs hand,
To earth he ſhall deſcend,
The bane and monſter of the land,
Inglorious at his end:
Priz'd be the man who dares his power defy,
Who dares or truly ſpeak, or bravely die.

ON THE LATE
BISHOP ATTERBURY'S PREACHING.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXIII.

BY THE SAME.

WHen our great Lord at Emmaus appear'd,
Expounding what the prophets had averr'd,
And when he vaniſh'd from his hearer's eyes,
To meet the Father in his native ſkies,
How was each heart with ſudden heat inſpir'd,
With rapture ſeiz'd, and grace ſeraphic fir'd:
Scarce fainter tranſports all my powers controul,
Glow in my breaſt, and triumph in my ſoul;
So ſtrongly Rocheſter attracts the ſenſe,
And binds with every chain of eloquence:
How can my ecſtaſies in verſe be ſhown,
This aſks the tongue of angels—or his own;

Let Nature's rival Art her tints apply,
The ſilent poetry of painting try;
To the ſtretch'd canvas graceful vigour give,
And teach the animated form to live,
To thought add figure, to ideas frame,
And to bright ſentiment a robe of flame,
So may ſucceeding times the merit raiſe,
And as upon the breathing piece they gaze,
At once the prelate and the painter praiſe.
Here, artiſt, here, the powerful preacher ſhow,
And let electrified attention glow,
Catch the bright flames which from his lips diſtill,
And ſtrike out all the teacher with thy quill;
Oh! couldſt thou, echo-like, his words repeat,
Soft as the dews of heaven, as honey ſweet,
Severeſt truths, ſo forcibly expreſt,
And manly ſenſe in eaſy language dreſt,
Couldſt thou, like his, a voice melodious join,
As ſoft, as clear, as powerful, and divine,
Couldſt thou,—but oh nor words nor colours can,
By ſounds, or painting, typify the man.
So Athens once on her fam'd preacher hung,
Tranſported by the muſic of his tongue;
So ſtood St. Paul, ſo ſkilful Raphael drew,
And as in him a living Paul we view,
Another Raphael we ſhould find in you.

NO-

NOTHING.

BY THE REV. MR. BELSHAM.

INSCRIBED TO MR. J. BOWLES.

NO Muſes I implore their aid to bring,
He needs no Muſe, who Nothing has to ſing;
Your favour, Bowles, and your attention lend;
Pardon the Poet, and protect the friend.
Nothing accept—tho' ſmall the gift may ſeem,
The wiſe have Nothing highly in eſteem.
A theme untouch'd before inſpires my lays,
From which no poet ever won the bays—
Thoſe Greek and Roman bards, of old admir'd,
Who, with poetic fury nobly fir'd,
On every ſubject dar'd their genius try,
And drank the Heliconian fountain dry,
Left Nothing to be ſung in times to come;
Nothing eſcap'd the wits of Greece and Rome.
When the fierce Goths did war with learning wage,
And ravag'd Italy with barbarous rage,
When all things good and great one ruin ſhar'd,
Nothing by Goths was honour'd—Nothing ſpar'd.
Nothing in war is ſacred; and we ſee
Nothing in peace ſecure—with France's guaranty.

Who

Who Nothing holds, conſcious no danger's near,
May travel every road without a fear.
No long litigious ſuits his eaſe moleſt,
Nor cares of wealth diſtract his anxious breaſt;
No noiſe nor hurries of the town he knows,
But ſilent lives in undiſturb'd repoſe—
Nor ſwell'd with hopes, nor toſt with anxious fears,
Like a calm ſtream ſerenely roll his years—
And, when untroubled all his days are paſt,
Who Nothing has to leave, ſecurely breathes his laſt.
Nothing to prize, philoſophers profeſs
To be the only way to happineſs—
And he that Nothing knew was the moſt wiſe,
Or the great oracle of Phœbus lies.
By knowing Nothing (learnt with perfect eaſe)
Each prating fool becomes a Socrates—
All other arts now flouriſh, now decay;
This learning ſpreads and proſpers every day—
The learn'd in books we know can hardly live,
But to know Nothing is the way to thrive—
To this our youth apply with early zeal,
To ſhine at court, and ſerve the common-weal.
Who Nothing know—grow noble, rich, and great
In ſenates, councils, army, church and ſtate.
Immortal Newton, tho' his towering mind
Travers'd the worlds of knowledge unconfin'd,
Saw where the ſecret ſprings of ſcience riſe,
And ſtretch'd his head, like Atlas, to the ſkies,

Trac'd

Trac'd all the ſtars, and ſearch'd the ſource of light,
And ſtill to unknown regions wing'd his flight;
Yet, pardon me, great Shade, the truth I tell,
Nothing thy graſping genius could excell.
See! where the learned alchymiſts explore
Nature's hid force, and try the ſhining ore,
Enwrapp'd in clouds of ſulphurous ſmoke they tire
The ſtubborn braſs, and ply the torturing fire,
And, big with expectation night and day,
Melt all their time, and all their lands away:
Of all this charge and toil compute the gains—
Nothing excites their hopes—Nothing rewards
their pains.—
Nothing is fairer than the morning light,
When the freſh beams firſt ſtrike the raviſh'd ſight;
Nothing is milder than th' approach of Spring,
That makes all nature ſmile, the whole creation ſing!
Far as the earth, and air, and ſeas extend,
Nothing's without beginning, without end—
Beyond the univerſe it finds a place,
And Nothing fills the mighty void of ſpace.
On Nothing turn the lucid orbs above,
Where all the ſtars in myſtic order move:
On Nothing hangs this vaſt terraqueous ball;
The world from Nothing ſprang—from Nothing
came forth all!

ODE

ODE TO AMANDA,

ON HER THREATENING TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY IN AUTUMN.

BY T. M. ESQ.

STay, lovely maid, our fate delay;
Yet, yet a while ſuſpend our doom:
Thine eyes ſupply the ſhortening day,
And ſave us from the haſtening gloom:

While thou art here, we ſtill ſhall ſee
The fields, the groves, the meadows wear
Their gayeſt dreſs, to honour thee;
Then quit them till the riſing year.

As yet, the tepid Zephyrs ſport,
And wanton in the leafy grove;
As yet, the nymphs and ſwains reſort
To dales and woods to talk of love:

The little birds, in every glade,
With tuneful vows their mates accoſt,
Secure of ſummer and of ſhade,
Nor dread the piercing wintry froſt.

Ah

Ah pretty fools! ye little know
How ſoon your happineſs muſt end!
Cruel Amanda! wilt thou go,
And rob them of their only friend?

Wilt thou the ſun and ſummer fly?
They only ſtay to wait on thee;
And horrid Winter watches nigh,
Impatient till thou ſet him free:

Then will theſe verdant lawns and groves
With cheerleſs froſts be cover'd o'er,
The nymphs and ſwains forget their loves,
And birds and poets ſing no more.

Stella, who never ſues in vain,
And poor Meliſſus beg thy ſtay;
O, hear the ſuppliant nymph and ſwain,
And cheat grim Winter of his prey!

THE

THE RATTLE. A SONG.

WRITTEN AT ERTHIG-HALL IN DENBIGHSHIRE, BY MISS CHARLOTTE BRERETON, MDCCXXXII. AND ADDRESSED TO DANIEL IVEY, ESQ.

I'll ſing you a ballad—O, that it were merry,
Tho' not of the abbot of Canterbury!
Nor yet of thoſe heroes preſume I to ſing,
Who at Windſor once frighten'd the ghoſt of a king.
Derry down, &c.

Nor ſing I the fiddle which oft at Longleate
Hath charm'd all its hearers with muſic ſo ſweet;
Nor that merry Bard will I mention at all,
Who to the ſame tune took a trip to Down-hall.
Derry down, &c.

My ballad is not, full ſoon you will know it,
Of abbot, or hero, or fiddle, or poet,
But it is of a ſprightly moſt whimſical Rattle,
Who exceeds all us women in chat and in prattle.
Derry down, &c.

This Rattle of Rattles, if he is inclin'd,
Can ſuit well his converſe to every one's mind,
He never is fooliſh, nor wiſe out of ſeaſon, [reaſon.
To the gay he chats nonſenſe, to the grave he talks
Derry down, &c.

The

The worſt thing I ever obſerv'd in this Rattle,
Is that to the Prieſthood he's apt to give battle;
I'm quite out of tune when he theſe makes a farce on,
For who knows but I may in time wed a Parſon.
Derry down, &c.

We women are apt to digreſs, as I find,
When dear ſelf, or a Parſon comes into one's mind,
May the Reverends in ſafety, and ſanctity reſt all,
And may I continue at Erthig a Veſtal.
Derry down, &c.

But as I was ſaying, this Rattle hath ſaid,
If he e'er weds again, he will have an old maid;
How happy is he, for old ſpinſters are plenty,
Tho' I'm not of that liſt, for I never ſaw twenty.
Derry down, &c.

With me his acquaintance may ſing and rejoice,
That he makes ſo judicious, ſo decent a choice;
'Tis ſo natural too, for we frequently ſee,
That Ivey will cling to an old wither'd tree.
Derry down, &c.

Of all ſorts of wit, he's moſt fond of a ballad,
So aſſes eat thiſtles—inſtead of a ſallad;
Tho' he thinks that my innocent pen cannot hurt,
He may thank me for making my ballad ſo ſhort.
Derry down, &c.

Tho' ſhort as it is, he will think it too long,
Should it chance for awhile to ſilence his tongue;

To be ſilent he hates, as the De'el holy water,
For all his delight is in chat and in laughter.
Derry down, &c.
A ballad he aſk'd, and a ballad here is;
But if he ſhould chance to take ſomething amiſs,
He muſt ev'n thank himſelf for inſiſting upon it,
So here ends my ballad, or for rhyme's ſake, my
ſonnet. Derry down, &c.

THE TWO SNEERERS.

BY W. H.

'YOur ſervant, ſir,' ſays ſurly Quin;
'Sir, I am your's,' replies Macklin;
'You are the very Jew you play—
'Your phiz performs the taſk well;'
'And you are Brute himſelf, they ſay,
'And moſt accompliſh'd Maſkwell:'
Says Rich, who heard the ſneering elves,
And knew their horrid hearts—
"Acting too much your very ſelves,
"Ye over-do your parts."

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE, A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.

TIME, THE MORNING.

YE Perſian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how ſhepherds paſs their golden days.
Not all are bleſt, whom fortune's hand ſuſtains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliſs, where'er we dwell.
Thus Selim ſung, by ſacred Truth inſpir'd;
Nor praiſe, but ſuch as Truth beſtow'd, deſir'd:
Wiſe in himſelf, his meaning ſongs convey'd
Informing morals to the ſhepherd maid;
Or taught the ſwains that ſureſt bliſs to find,
What groves nor ſtreams beſtow, a virtuous mind.
When ſweet and bluſhing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn reſum'd her orient pride,

When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their ſweets away;
By Tigris' wandering waves he ſat, and ſung
This uſeful leſſon for the fair and young.

Ye Perſian dames, he ſaid, to you belong,
Well may they pleaſe, the morals of my ſong:
No fairer maids, I truſt, than you are found,
Grac'd with ſoft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves ſupplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you thoſe flowers her fragrant hands beſtow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not theſe, all beauteous as they are,
The beſt kind bleſſings heaven can grant the fair!
Who truſt alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boaſt but the worth * Balſora's pearls diſplay;
Drawn from the deep we own their ſurface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no luſtrous light:
Such are the maids, and ſuch the charms they boaſt,
By ſenſe unaided, or to virtue loſt.
Self-flattering ſex! your hearts believe in vain
That love ſhall blind, when once he fires the ſwain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As ſpots on ermin beautify the ſkin:
Who ſeeks ſecure to rule, be firſt her care
Each ſofter virtue that adorns the fair;

* The gulph of that name, famous for the pearl-fiſhery.

Each

Each tender paſſion man delights to find
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!
Bleſt were the days, when Wiſdom held her reign,
And ſhepherds ſought her on the ſilent plain;
With Truth ſhe wedded in the ſecret grove,
Immortal Truth, and daughters bleſs'd their love.
O haſte, fair maids! ye Virtues come away,
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy ſhrub, for you ſhall love our ſhore,
By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.
Loſt to our fields, for ſo the fates ordain,
The dear deſerters ſhall return again.
Come thou, whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are clear,
To lead the train, ſweet Modeſty appear:
Here make thy court amidſt our rural ſcene,
And ſhepherd-girls ſhall own thee for their queen.
With thee be Chaſtity, of all afraid,
Diſtruſting all, a wiſe ſuſpicious maid;
But man the moſt—not more the mountain doe
Holds the ſwift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breaſt, like flowers that drink the dew;
A ſilken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild deſires amidſt thy train be known,
But Faith, whoſe heart is fix'd on one alone:
Deſponding Meekneſs, with her down-caſt eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender ſighs;
And Love the laſt: by theſe your hearts approve,
Theſe are the virtues that muſt lead to love.

Thus ſung the ſwain; and antient legends ſay,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
The ſhepherds lov'd, and Selim bleſs'd his ſong.

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE, THE DESERT.

TIME, MID-DAY.

IN ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt:
One cruiſe of water on his back he bore,
And his light ſcrip contain'd a ſcanty ſtore;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his ſhaded face from ſcorching ſand.
The ſultry ſun had gain'd the middle ſky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beaſts, with pain, their duſty way purſue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With deſperate ſorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice ſigh'd, thrice ſtruck his breaſt, and thus be-
gan:
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

Ah!

Ah! little thought I of the blaſting wind,
The thirſt or pinching hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall Thirſt aſſwage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage?
Soon ſhall this ſcrip its precious load reſign;
Then what but tears and hunger ſhall be thine?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow:
Here rocks alone, and taſtleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around.

" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

Curſt be the gold and ſilver which perſuade
Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
The lilly-peace outſhines the ſilver ſtore,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the deſert brown,
To every diſtant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the ſea;
And are we only yet repay'd by thee?
Ah! why was ruin ſo attractive made,
Or why fond man ſo eaſily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleaſure's ſong?

Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O ceaſe, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd ſcenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet:
And fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tygers in his train:
Before them death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!"
At that dead hour the ſilent aſp ſhall creep,
If ought of reſt I find, upon my ſleep:
Or ſome ſwoln ſerpent twiſt his ſcales around,
And wake to anguiſh with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wiſe contented poor,
From luſt of wealth, and dread of death ſecure!
They tempt no deſerts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reaſon rules the mind.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O hapleſs youth! for ſhe thy love hath won,
The tender Zara, will be moſt undone!
Big ſwell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When faſt ſhe dropt her tears, as thus ſhe ſaid:
" Farewell the youth whom ſighs could not detain,
" Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
" Yet as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt ariſe,
" Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!
" Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee,
" No griefs endure, nor weep, falſe youth, like me."
O let me ſafely to the fair return,
Say with a kiſs, ſhe muſt not, ſhall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to loſe its fears,
Recall'd by Wiſdom's voice, and Zara's tears.
He ſaid, and call'd on heaven to bleſs the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE, A FOREST.

TIME, THE EVENING.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are ſeen,
In diſtant view along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall foreſts caſt a longer ſhade,
What time 'tis ſweet o'er fields of rice to ſtray,
Or ſcent the breathing maize at ſetting day;
Amidſt the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra ſung the pleaſing cares of love.
Of Abra firſt began the tender ſtrain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn ſhe came thoſe willing flocks to lead,
Where lillies rear them in the watery mead;
From early dawn the live-long hours ſhe told,
'Till late at ſilent eve ſhe penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the ſecret ſhade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers ſhe made:

Gay-

* Gay-motley'd pinks and ſweet jonquils ſhe choſe,
The violet blue that on the moſs-bank grows;
All-ſweet to ſenſe, the flaunting roſe was there:
The finiſh'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.
Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to ſtray,
By love conducted from the chace away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her ſong,
And ſought the vales and echoing groves among:
At length he found, and wooed the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet ſtill her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as ſhe went, ſhe backward turn'd her view,
And bad that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other ſcenes remove,
To richer ſcenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the ſimple pipe, and ſhepherd's ſtrain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Yet midſt the blaze of courts ſhe fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the ſhady grove;

* That theſe flowers are found in very great abundance in ſome of the provinces of Perſia; ſee the modern hiſtory of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

Still

Still with the ſhepherd's innocence her mind
To the ſweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd;
And oft as ſpring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his ſoft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With ſure return ſhe ſought the ſylvan ſcene,
The breezy mountains, and the foreſts green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:
Some ſimple lay, of flocks and herds they ſung;
With joy the mountain, and the foreſt rung.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of ſtate, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the ſhades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or ſought the vale where firſt his heart was fir'd:
A ruſſet mantle, like a ſwain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and buſy courts no more.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Bleſt was the life, that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The ſimple ſhepherd girl can love as well.
Let thoſe who rule on Perſia's jewell'd throne,
Be fam'd for love, and gentleſt love alone;
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle, with the warrior's crown.

O happy days! the maids around her ſay;
O haſte, profuſe of bleſſings, haſte away!
" Be every youth, like royal Abbas, mov'd;
" And every Georgian maid, like Abra, lov'd!"

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

IN fair Circaſſia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kind;
At that ſtill hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And paſt in radiance thro' the cloudleſs ſky;
Sad o'er the dews, two brother ſhepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and deſperate ſorrow led:
Faſt as they preſt their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies ſtole away.
Along the mountain's bending ſides they ran,
'Till faint and weak Secander thus began:

SE-

SECANDER.

O ſtay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and ſurvey,
Trace our ſad flight thro' all its length of way!
And firſt review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already paſt with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whoſe dangerous path we tried!
And laſt this lofty mountain's weary ſide!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapleſs muſt thou know
The toils of flight, or ſome ſeverer woe!
Still as I haſte, the Tartar ſhouts behind,
And ſhrieks and ſorrows load the ſaddening wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blaſts our harveſts, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence firſt in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the ſwains, like us, in deep deſpair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whoſe bleſſings tempt the ſword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'ſt thy Perſian lord!
In vain thou court'ſt him, helpleſs, to thine aid,
To ſhield the ſhepherd, and protect the maid!

Far off, in thoughtleſs indolence reſign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleaſure ſoothe his mind:
'Midſt fair ſultanas loſt in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet theſe green hills, in ſummer's ſultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the ſight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by maids and ſhepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's ſhady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the ſweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair ſcenes! but, ah! no more with peace poſſeſt,
With eaſe alluring, and with plenty bleſt.
No more the ſhepherds whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with ſnowy bloſſoms crown'd!
But ruin ſpreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circaſſia boaſts her ſpicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain ſhe boaſts her faireſt of the fair,
Their eye's blue languiſh, and their golden hair!
Thoſe eyes in tears their fruitleſs grief muſt ſend;
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cruel hand ſhall rend.

AGIB.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian ſwains that piteous learn from far
Circaſſia's ruin, and the waſte of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and ſtaffs prepare,
To ſhield your harveſts, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like deſigns purſue,
Fix'd to deſtroy, and ſtedfaſt to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deſerts bred,
By luſt incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and waſting flames the way;
Yet none ſo cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurſt in ſcenes of woe.
He ſaid; when loud along the vale was heard
A ſhriller ſhriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th' affrighted ſhepherds thro' the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

TWELVE ODES.

BY THE SAME.

ODE TO PITY.

O Thou, the friend of man aſſign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When firſt Diſtreſs, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waſte his deſtin'd ſcene,
His wild unſated foe!

By Pella's * Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tendereſt blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Iliſſus' diſtant ſide,
Deſerted ſtream, and mute?
Wild Arun † too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo, 'midſt my native plains,
Been ſooth'd by Pity's lute.

* Euripides. † A river in Suſſex.

There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentleſt Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was ſhown;
And while he ſung the female heart,
With youth's ſoft notes unſpoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
Even now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride deſign:
Its ſouthern ſite, its truth compleat
Shall raiſe a wild enthuſiaſt heat,
In all who view the ſhrine.

There Picture's toils ſhall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliſs prevail:
The buſkin'd Muſe ſhall near her ſtand,
And ſighing prompt her tender hand,
With each diſaſtrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of paſſion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waſte the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a Britiſh ſhell!

ODE TO FEAR.

THou, to whom the world unknown
With all its ſhadowy ſhapes is ſhown;
Who ſeeſt appall'd th' unreal ſcene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near.
I know thy hurried ſtep, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I ſtart, like thee diſorder'd fly,
For lo what monſters in thy train appear!
Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep:
And with him thouſand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And thoſe, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening Brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghaſtly train can ſee,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earlieſt Greece to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muſe addreſt her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard * who firſt invok'd thy name,
Diſdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's ſteel.

But who is he whom later garlands grace,
Who left a-while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary ſteps to trace,
Where thou and Furies ſhar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' inceſtuous Queen †
Sigh'd the ſad call her ſon and huſband hear'd,
When once alone it broke the ſilent ſcene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering power inſpir'd each mournful line,
Tho' gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the ſcene are thine!

* Æſchylus. † Jocaſta.

AN-

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who ſuch weary lengths haſt paſt,
Where wilt thou reſt, mad Nymph, at laſt?
Say, wilt thou ſhroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in ſome hollow'd ſeat,
'Gainſt which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning ſeamens cries in tempeſts brought!
Dark power, with ſhuddering meek ſubmitted thought,
Be mine, to read the viſions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghoſts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And Goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou whoſe ſpirit moſt poſſeſt
The ſacred ſeat of Skakeſpear's breaſt!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions ſpoke:
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O Thou by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and ſweetly ſtrong:
Who firſt on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliеſt child,
Thy babe, or Pleaſure's, nurs'd the powers of ſong!

Thou, who with hermit heart
Diſdain'ſt the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'ſt a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaſte, unboaſtful nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her, whoſe love-lorn woe,
In evening muſings ſlow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephiſus deep,
Who ſpread his wavy ſweep

In

In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
On whoſe enamel'd ſide,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O ſiſter meek of truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy ſober aid and native charms infuſe!
The flowers that ſweeteſt breathe,
Tho' beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still aſk thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none eſteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band:
But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The paſſions own thy power,
Love, only love her forceleſs numbers mean:
For thou haſt left her ſhrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bleſs the ſervile ſcene.

Tho' taſte, tho' genius bleſs
To ſome divine exceſs,

Faint's the cold work till thou inſpire the whole;
What each, what all ſupply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou can'ſt raiſe the meeting ſoul!

Of theſe let others aſk,
To aid ſome mighty taſk,
I only ſeek to find thy temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might ſound
To maids and ſhepherds round,
And all thy ſons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ODE

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

AS once, if not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted Bard,
(Him whoſe ſchool above the reſt
His lovelieſt Elfin queen has bleſt)
One, only one, unrival'd fair*,
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At ſolemn turney hung on high,
The wiſh of each love-darting eye;

Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unſeen, ſome hovering hand,
Some chaſte and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whiſper'd ſpell had burſt the ſtarting band,
It left unbleſt her loath'd diſhonour'd ſide;
Happier hopeleſs fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divineſt name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The ceſt of ampleſt power is given:
To few the god-like gift affigns,
To gird their bleſt prophetic loins, [flame
And gaze her viſions wild, and feel unmix'd her

* Florimel. See Spenſer Leg. 4th.

The band, as fairy legends ſay,
Was wove on that creating day,
When he, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented ſky, this laughing earth,
And dreſt with ſprings, and foreſts tall,
And pour'd the main engirting all,
Long by the lov'd Enthuſiaſt wooed,
Himſelf in ſome diviner mood,
Retiring, ſate with her alone,
And plac'd her on his ſaphire throne,
The whiles, the vaulted ſhrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to ſound,
Now ſublimeſt triumph ſwelling,
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And ſhe, from out the veiling cloud,
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy ſubject life was born!
The dangerous paſſions kept aloof,
Far from the fainted growing woof:
But near it ſate ecſtatic Wonder,
Liſtening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in ſunny veſt array'd,
By whoſe the Tarſol's eyes were made;
All the ſhadowy tribes of Mind,
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted Powers,
Who feed on heaven's ambroſial flowers.

Where

Where is the Bard, whoſe ſoul can now
Its high preſuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him deſign'd?

High on ſome cliff, to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude acceſs, of proſpect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous ſteep,
Strange ſhades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its ſprings unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies ſpread.
I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that drop'd ethereal dew,
Nigh ſpher'd in heaven its native ſtrains could hear:
On which that antient trump he reach'd was hung;
  Thither oft his glory greeting,
  From Waller's myrtle ſhades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aſpiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding ſteps purſue;
  In vain—Such bliſs to one alone,
  Of all the ſons of ſoul was known,
  And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
  Have now o'erturn'd th' inſpiring bowers,
Or curtain'd cloſe ſuch ſcene from every future view.

ODE

O D E,

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR MDCCXLVI.

HOW ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt,
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom ſhall a-while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O Thou, who ſit'ſt a ſmiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful ſide,
Gentleſt of ſky-born forms, and beſt ador'd:
Who oft with ſongs, divine to hear,
Win'ſt from his fatal graſp the ſpear,
And hid'ſt in wreaths of flowers his bloodleſs ſword!
Thou who, amidſt the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy boſom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who ſinks to ground:
See, Mercy, ſee, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy ſhrine my country's genius ſtands,
And decks thy altar ſtill, tho' pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom even our joys provoke,
The Fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,
And ruſh'd in wrath to make our iſle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy ſweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blaſted road,
And ſtop'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.

I ſee

I ſee recoil his ſable ſteeds,
That bore him ſwift to ſavage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain ſhown,
Where Juſtice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roſeate bower,
Thou, thou ſhalt rule our queen, and ſhare our monarch's throne!

ODE

ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

WHO ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in ſolemn ſounds to life,
The youths, whoſe locks divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in ſullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue ſhedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
What new Alcæus *, fancy-bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword, in myrtles dreſt,
At Wiſdom's ſhrine a-while its flame concealing,
(What place ſo fit to ſeal a deed renown'd?)
Till ſhe her brighteſt lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
O Goddeſs, in that feeling hour,
When moſt its ſounds would court thy ears,
Let not my ſhell's miſguided power,
E'er draw thy ſad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy weeping face,
With heavieſt ſound, a giant-ſtatue, fell,
Puſh'd by a wild and artleſs race,
From off its wide ambitious baſe,

* Alluding to a beautiful fragment of Alcæus.

When

When time his northern ſons of ſpoil awoke,
And all the blended work of ſtrength and grace,
With many a rude repeated ſtroke, [broke.
And many a barbarous yell, to thouſand fragments

EPODE.

2.

Yet even, where'er the leaſt appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still, 'midſt the ſcatter'd ſtates around,
Some remnants of her ſtrength were found;
They ſaw, by what eſcap'd the ſtorm,
How wonderous roſe her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty maſter pour'd his ſoul!
For ſunny Florence, ſeat of art,
Beneath her vines preſerv'd a part,
Till they *, whom ſcience lov'd to name,
(O who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
And lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Piſa's olive ſhade!
See ſmall Marino † joins the theme,
Tho' leaſt, not laſt in thy eſteem:

* The family of the Medici.

† The little republic of San Marino.

Strike

Strike, louder ſtrike th' ennobling ſtrings
To thoſe *, whoſe merchant ſons were kings;
To him †, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride;
Hail port of glory, wealth, and pleaſure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian meaſure:
Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To ſad Liguria's ‡ bleeding ſtate.
Ah no! more pleas'd thy haunts I ſeek,
On wild Helvetia's § mountains bleak:
(Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice;
Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,
The ravening Eagle northward fled.)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With thoſe ‖ to whom thy Stork is dear:

* The Venetians. † The Doge of Venice.

‡ Genoa. § Switzerland.

‖ The Dutch, amongſt whom there are very ſevere penalties for thoſe who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almoſt all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are ſaid to entertain a ſuperſtitious ſentiment, that if the whole ſpecies of them ſhould become extinct, they ſhould loſe their liberties.

Thoſe whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whoſe crown a Britiſh queen * refus'd!
The magic works, thou feel'ſt the ſtrains,
One holier name alone remains;
The perfect ſpell ſhall then avail,
Hail Nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the meaſure vaſt of thought,
The works, the wizzard Time has wrought!
The Gaul, 'tis held of antique ſtory,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverſe ſtrand †,
No ſea between, nor cliff ſublime and hoary,
He paſs'd with unwet feet thro' all our land.
To the blown Baltic then, they ſay,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfiſh mountains rounding;
Till all the banded weſt at once 'gan riſe,
A wide wild ſtorm even Nature's ſelf confounding,
Withering her giant ſons with ſtrange uncouth ſurpriſe.

* Queen Elizabeth.

† This tradition is mentioned by ſeveral of our old hiſtorians. Some naturaliſts too have endeavoured to ſupport the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correſpondent diſpoſition of the two oppoſite coaſts. I don't remember that any poetical uſe has been hitherto made of it.

This

This pillar'd earth ſo firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was puſh'd aſide,
And down the ſhouldering billows born.
And ſee, like gems, her laughing train,
The little iſles on every ſide,
Mona*, once hid from thoſe who ſearch the main,
Where thouſand Elfin ſhapes abide,
And Wight who checks the weſtering tide,
For thee conſenting heaven has each beſtow'd,
A fair attendant on her ſovereign pride:
To thee this bleſt divorce ſhe ow'd, [abode!
For thou haſt made her vales thy lov'd, thy laſt

* There is a tradition in the iſle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the ſhore, and opened her paſſion to him, but was received with a coldneſs, occaſioned by his horror and ſurprize at her appearance. This however was ſo miſconſtrued by the ſea-lady, that in revenge for his treatment of her, ſhe puniſh'd the whole iſland, by covering it with a miſt, ſo that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the ſea, or were on a ſudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis ſaid, an hoary pile,
'Midſt the green navel of our iſle,
Thy ſhrine in ſome religious wood,
O ſoul-enforcing Goddeſs ſtood!
There oft the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celeſtial meet:
Tho' now with hopeleſs toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-treſſed Dane,
Or Roman's ſelf o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern ſong to tell.
Yet ſtill, if truth thoſe beams infuſe,
Which guide at once, and charm the Muſe,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light-embroider'd ſky:
Amidſt the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous Model ſtill remains.
There happier than in iſlands bleſt,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe dreſt,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's ſtory,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their conſorted Druids ſing
Their triumphs to th' immortal ſtring.
How may the poet now unfold,
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?

Even now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it ſeems to riſe!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majeſtic thro' the mix'd deſign;
The ſecret builder knew to chuſe,
Each ſphere-found gem of richeſt hues:
Whate'er heaven's purer mold contains,
When nearer ſuns emblaze its veins;
There on the walls the Patriot's ſight
May ever hang with freſh delight,
And, grav'd with ſome prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame thro' every age.
Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
That near her inmoſt altar ſtand!
Now ſooth her, to her bliſsful train
Blithe Concord's ſocial form to gain:
Concord, whoſe myrtle wand can ſteep
Even Anger's blood-ſhot eyes in ſleep:
Before whoſe breathing boſom's balm,
Rage drops his ſteel, and ſtorms grow calm;
Her let our ſires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd ſhore,
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till, in one loud applauding ſound,
The nations ſhout to her around,
O how ſupremely art thou bleſt,
Thou, Lady, thou ſhalt rule the weſt!

O D E,

TO A LADY, ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL CHARLES ROSS IN THE ACTION AT FONTENOY. WRITTEN MAY MDCCXLV.

WHile, loſt to all his former mirth,
Britannia's genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day:
While ſtain'd with blood he ſtrives to tear
Unſeemly from his ſea-green hair
The wreaths of cheerful May:

The thoughts which muſing pity pays,
And fond remembrance loves to raiſe,
Your faithful hours attend:
Still Fancy, to herſelf unkind,
Awakes to grief the ſoften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's deſcending wave
His country's vows ſhall bleſs the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid:
That ſacred ſpot the village hind
With every ſweeteſt turf ſhall bind,
And Peace protect the ſhade.

Bleſt youth, regardful of thy doom *,
Aerial hands ſhall build thy tomb,
With ſhadowy trophies crown'd:
While Honour bath'd in tears ſhall rove
To ſigh thy name thro' every grove,
And call his heroes round.

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their ſainted reſt:
And, half-reclining on his ſpear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming gueſt.

Old Edward's ſons, unknown to yield,
Shall croud from Creſſy's laurell'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight:
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they ſnatch the gleamy ſteel,
And wiſh th' avenging fight.

* In Dodſley's collection of poems vol. 1. ſtanza 4. runs thus: —

O'er him, whoſe doom thy virtues grieve,
Aerial forms ſhall ſit at eve,
And bend the penſive head!
And, fallen to ſave his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!

But lo where, ſunk in deep deſpair *,
Her garments torn, her boſom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted treſſes madly ſpread,
To every ſod, which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyleſs eyes.

Ne'er ſhall ſhe leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph burſting round
Proclaim her reign reſtor'd:
Till William ſeek the ſad retreat,
And, bleeding at her ſacred feet,
Preſent the fated ſword.

If, weak to ſoothe ſo ſoft an heart,
Theſe pictur'd glories nought impart,
To dry thy conſtant tear:
If yet, in Sorrow's diſtant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou ſeeſt him lie,
Wild war inſulting near:

Where'er from time thou court'ſt relief,
The Muſe ſhall ſtill, with ſocial grief,
Her gentleſt promiſe keep:
Even humble Harting's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the ſad repeated tale,
And bid her ſhepherds weep.

* The 7th and 8th ſtanzas are omitted in Dodſley.

ODE TO EVENING.

IF aught of oaten ſtop, or paſtoral ſong*,
May hope, O penſive Eve, to ſoothe thine ear,
Like thy own brawling ſprings,
Thy ſprings, and dying gales,

O Nymph reſerv'd, while now the bright-hair'd ſun
Sits in yon weſtern tent, whoſe cloudy ſkirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is huſh'd, ſave where the weak-eyed bat,
With ſhort ſhrill ſhrieks flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn,

As oft he riſes 'midſt the twilight path,
Againſt the pilgrim born in heedleſs hum:
Now teach me, Maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,

* Stanza 1. in Dodſley is printed thus:—
If ought of oaten ſtop, or paſtoral ſong,
May hope, chaſte Eve, to ſooth thy modeſt ear,
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy, &c.

Whoſe numbers ſtealing thro' thy darkning vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding ſtar arifing ſhows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who ſlept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſhening dew, and lovelier ſtill,
The penſive Pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car.

Then let me rove ſome wild and heathy ſcene*,
Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

* Stanzas 8 and 9 in Dodſley ſtand thus:——

Then lead, calm Vot'reſs, where ſome ſheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or ſome time-hallow'd pile,
Or upland fallows grey
Reflect its laſt cool gleam.
But when chill bluſtering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, &c.

Or if chill bluſtring winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's ſide,
Views wilds, and ſwelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-diſcover'd ſpires,
And hears their ſimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.

While Spring ſhall pour his ſhowers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing treſſes, meekeſt Eve!
While Summer loves to ſport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While ſallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling thro' the troublous air,
Affrights thy ſhrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long regardful of thy quiet rule *,
Shall Fancy, Friendſhip, Science, ſmiling Peace,
Thy gentleſt influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

* Laſt ſtanza thus:——

So long, ſure-found beneath the ſylvan ſhed,
Shall Fancy, Friendſhip, Science, roſe-lip'd Health,
Thy gentleſt influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name.

ODE TO PEACE.

O Thou, who bad'ſt thy turtles bear
Swift from his graſp thy golden hair,
And ſought'ſt thy native ſkies:
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bad his ſtorms ariſe!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic ſway,
Our youth ſhall fix ſome feſtive day,
His ſullen ſhrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'ſt the turning ſpheres,
What ſounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy bleſt return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind,
O riſe, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train:
The Britiſh lion, Goddeſs ſweet,
Lies ſtretch'd on earth to kiſs thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy tranſient ſmile,
But come to grace thy weſtern iſle,
By warlike Honour led!
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her ſons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FArewell, for clearer ken deſign'd,
The dim-diſcover'd tracts of mind:
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My ſilent ſearch in vain requir'd!
No more my ſail that deep explores,
No more I ſearch thoſe magic ſhores,
What regions part the world of ſoul,
Or whence thy ſtreams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round ſuch Fairy field,
Some power impart the ſpear and ſhield,
At which the wizzard Paſſions fly,
By which the giant Follies die!
Farewell the porch, whoſe roof is ſeen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green:
Where Science, prank'd in tiſſued veſt,
By Reaſon, Pride, and Fancy dreſt,
Comes like a bride, ſo trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's ſhade!
Youth of the quick uncheated ſight,
Thy walks, Obſervance, more invite!
O thou, who lov'ſt that ampler range,
Where life's wide proſpects round thee change,
And, with her mingling ſons allied,
Throw'ſt the prattling page aſide:

To me in converſe ſweet impart,
To read in man the native heart,
To learn, where Science ſure is found,
From Nature as ſhe lives around:
And gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each ſhifting image view!
Till meddling Art's officious lore,
Reverſe the leſſons taught before,
Alluring from a ſafer rule,
To dream in her enchanted ſchool;
Thou heaven, whate'er of great we boaſt,
Haſt bleſt this ſocial ſcience moſt.
Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent ſpell,
Not vain ſhe finds the charmful taſk,
In pageant quaint, in motley maſk,
Behold, before her muſing eyes,
The countleſs Manners round her riſe;
While ever varying as they paſs,
To ſome Contempt applies her glaſs:
With theſe the white-rob'd Maids combine,
And thoſe the laughing Satyrs join!
But who is he whom now ſhe views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the paſſions nurs'd; I greet
The comic ſock that binds thy feet!
O Humour, thou whoſe name is known,
To Britain's favour'd iſle alone:

Me too amidſt thy band admit,
There where the young-eyed healthful Wit,
Whoſe jewels in his criſped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to ſhare,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy ſide!
By old Miletus * who ſo long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven ſong:
By all you taught the Tuſcan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern ſhades:
By him †, whoſe Knight's diſtinguiſh'd name
Refin'd a nation's luſt of fame;
Whoſe tales even now, with echoes ſweet,
Caſtilia's Mooriſh hills repeat:
Or him ‡, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's ſhore,
Who drew the ſad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her ſire betray'd:
O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;

* Alluding to the Mileſian tales, ſome of the earlieſt romances.

† Cervantes.

‡ Monſieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy ſeal!
Let ſome retreating Cynic find
Thoſe oft-turn'd ſcrolls I leave behind,
The Sports and I this hour agree,
To rove thy ſcene-full world with thee!

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHen Muſic, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece ſhe ſung,
The Paſſions oft, to hear her ſhell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Poſſeſt beyond the Muſe's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Diſturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis ſaid, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inſpir'd,
From the ſupporting myrtles round
They ſnatch'd her inſtruments of ſound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet leſſons of her forceful art,
Each, for madneſs rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expreſſive power.

First

Firſt Fear his hand, its ſkill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Even at the ſound himſelf had made.

Next Anger ruſh'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his ſecret ſtings,
In one rude claſh he ſtruck the lyre,
And ſwept with hurried hand the ſtrings.

With woeful meaſures wan Deſpair
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air,
'Twas ſad by fits, by ſtarts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bad the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill thro' all the ſong;
And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe,
And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had ſhe ſung,—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient roſe,
He threw his blood-ſtain'd ſword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blaſt ſo loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic ſounds ſo full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And tho' ſometimes, each dreary pauſe between,
Dejected Pity at his ſide,
Her ſoul-ſubduing voice applied,
Yet ſtill he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each ſtrain'd ball of ſight ſeem'd burſting from his head.
Thy numbers, Jealouſy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy diſtreſsful ſtate,
Of differing themes the veering ſong was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inſpir'd,
Pale Melancholy ſat retir'd,
And from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes by diſtance made more ſweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow Horn her penſive ſoul:
And daſhing ſoft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound;

Thro'

'hro' glades and glooms the mingled meaſure ſtole,
Or o'er ſome haunted ſtream with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace, and lonely muſing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
ut O, how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone!
Vhen Chearfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
lew an inſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crown'd Siſters, and their chaſte-eyed queen,
Satyrs and ſylvan boys were ſeen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
rown Exerciſe rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.
aſt came Joy's ecſtatic trial,
le with viny crown advancing,
Firſt to the lively pipe his hand addreſt,
ut ſoon he ſaw the briſk awakening viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt.
They would have thought, who heard the ſtrain,
They ſaw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidſt the feſtal ſounding ſhades,
o ſome unwearied minſtrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
Love fram'd with Mirth, a gay fantaſtic round,
Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound,

And he, amidſt his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.

O Muſic, ſphere-deſcended maid,
Friend of pleaſure, wiſdom's aid,
Why, Goddeſs, why to us denied?
Lay'ſt thou thy antient lyre aſide?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic ſoul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native ſimple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Ariſe, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaſte, ſublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sifter's page —
'Tis ſaid, and I believe the tale,
Thy humbleſt Reed could more prevail,
Had more of ſtrength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Even all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of ſound —
O bid our vain endeavours ceaſe,
Revive the juſt deſigns of Greece,
Return in all thy ſimple ſtate!
Confirm the tales her ſons relate!

AN

AN EPISTLE

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS EDITION OF SHAKESPEAR'S WORKS.

BY THE SAME.

SIR,

WHile born to bring the Muſe's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays:
While nurs'd by you ſhe ſees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb:
Excuſe her doubts, if yet ſhe fears to tell
What ſecret tranſports in her boſom ſwell:
With conſcious awe ſhe hears the critic's fame,
And bluſhing hides her wreath at Shakeſpear's name.
Hard was the lot thoſe injur'd ſtrains endur'd,
Unknown'd by ſcience, and by years obſcur'd:
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing ſighs confeſs'd
A fixt deſpair in every tuneful breaſt.
Not with more grief th' afflicted ſwains appear,
When wintry winds deform the plenteous year;
When lingering froſts the ruin'd ſeats invade
Where Peace reſorted, and the Graces play'd.
Each riſing art by juſt gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:

The Muſe alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grac'd with nobleſt pomp her earlieſt ſtage.
Preſerv'd thro' time, the ſpeaking ſcenes impart
Each changeful wiſh of Phædra's tortur'd heart:
Or paint the curſe, that mark'd the * Theban's reign,
A bed inceſtuous, and a father ſlain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the ſad tale, and own another's woe.

To Rome remov'd, with wit ſecure to pleaſe,
The comic ſiſters kept their native eaſe.
With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almoſt excell'd!
But every Muſe eſſay'd to raiſe in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragic ſtrain;
Ilyſſus' laurels, tho' transferr'd with toil, ſoil.
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly

As arts expir'd, reſiſtleſs Dulneſs roſe;
Goths, prieſts, or Vandals,—all were Learning's foes.
Till † Julius firſt recall'd each exil'd maid,
And Coſmo own'd them in th' Etrurian ſhade:
Then deeply ſkill'd in love's engaging theme,
The ſoft Provençial paſs'd to Arno's ſtream:
With graceful eaſe the wanton lyre he ſtrung,
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he ſung.

* The Oedipus of Sophocles.

† Julius II. the immediate predeceſſor of Leo X.

The gay deſcription could not fail to move;
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.
But heaven, ſtill various in its works, decreed
The perfect boaſt of time ſhould laſt ſucceed.
The beauteous union muſt appear at length,
Of Tuſcan fancy, and Athenian ſtrength:
One greater Muſe Eliza's reign adorn,
And even a Shakeſpear to her fame be born!
Yet ah! ſo bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No ſecond growth the weſtern iſle could bear,
At once exhauſted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Johnſon knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almoſt loſt in art.
Of ſofter mold the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name.
With pleas'd attention 'midſt his ſcenes we find
Each glowing thought, that warms the female mind;
Each melting ſigh, and every tender tear,
The lover's wiſhes, and the virgin's fear.
His * every ſtrain the Smiles and Graces own;
But ſtronger Shakeſpear felt for man alone:
Drawn by his pen, our ruder paſſions ſtand
Th' unrivall'd picture of his early hand.

* Their characters are thus diſtinguiſhed by Mr. Dryden.

* With gradual ſteps, and ſlow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her ſhores advance:
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and juſt in all ſhe drew.
Till late Corneille, with † Lucan's ſpirit fir'd,
Breath'd the free ſtrain, as Rome and He inſpir'd:
And claſſic judgment gain'd to ſweet Racine
The temperate ſtrength of Maro's chaſter line.
But wilder far the Britiſh laurel ſpread,
And wreaths leſs artful crown our poet's head.
Yet He alone to every ſcene could give
Th' hiſtorian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call I view, with glad ſurprize,
Majeſtic forms of mighty monarchs riſe.
There Henry's trumpets ſpread their loud alarms,
And laurel'd Conqueſt waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying ſigh,
Scarce born to honours, and ſo ſoon to die!
Yet ſhall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king:

* About the time of Shakeſpear, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, ſix hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themſelves in general to the correct improvement of the ſtage, which was almoſt totally diſregarded by thoſe of our own country, Johnſon excepted.

† The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

The

The * time ſhall come, when Glo'ſter's heart ſhall bleed
In life's laſt hours, with horror of the deed:
When dreary viſions ſhall at laſt preſent
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent:
Thy hand unſeen the ſecret death ſhall bear,
Blunt the weak ſword, and break th' oppreſſive ſpear.

Where'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
Some ſweet illuſion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, ſhe calls the ſoul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove;
Where ſwains contented own the quiet ſcene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green:
Dreſs'd by her hand, the woods and valleys ſmile,
And Spring diffuſive decks th' inchanted iſle.

O more than all in powerful genius bleſt,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breaſt!
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart ſhall feel,
Thy ſongs ſupport me, and thy morals heal!
There every thought the poet's warmth may raiſe,
There native muſic dwells in all the lays.
O might ſome verſe with happieſt ſkill perſuade
Expreſſive Picture to adopt thine aid!
What wondrous draughts might riſe from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a diſtant age!

* Tempus erit Turno, magno cùm optaverit emptum
Intactum pallanta, &c.

Methinks even now I view ſome free deſign,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line:
Chaſte and ſubdued the modeſt lights decay,
Steal into ſhades, and mildly melt away.
—And ſee, where * Anthony, in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd:
O'er the cold corſe the warrior ſeems to bend,
Deep ſunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!
Still as they preſs, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.
But † who is he, whoſe brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging ſteel.
Yet ſhall not war's inſatiate fury fall,
(So heaven ordains it) on the deſtin'd wall.
See the fond mother, 'midſt the plaintive train,
Hung on his knees, and proſtrate on the plain!
Touch'd to the ſoul, in vain he ſtrives to hide
The ſon's affection, in the Roman's pride:
O'er all the man conflicting paſſions riſe,
Rage graſps the ſword, while Pity melts the eyes.
Thus, generous Critic, as thy Bard inſpires,
The ſiſter Arts ſhall nurſe their drooping fires;

* See the tragedy of Julius Cæſar.

† Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's dialogue on the Odyſſey.

Each

Each from his ſcenes her ſtores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal ſtring:
Thoſe Sibyl-leaves, the ſport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careleſs kind)
By thee diſpos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, juſt to Nature, own thy forming hand.
So ſpread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole unknown,
Even Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
Their own Ulyſſes ſcarce had wander'd more,
By winds and water caſt on every ſhore:
When rais'd by fate, ſome former Hanmer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundleſs mind;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

A SONG

FROM SHAKESPEAR'S CYMBELYNE.

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

BY THE SAME.

TO fair Fidele's graſſy tomb
Soft maids, and village hinds ſhall bring
Each opening ſweet, of earlieſt bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove,
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew!

The red-breaſt oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempeſts ſhake the ſylvan cell;
Or 'midſt the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's ſelf be dead.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

DEep in a grove by cypreſs ſhaded,
Where mid-day ſun had ſeldom ſhone,
Or noiſe the ſolemn ſcene invaded,
Save ſome afflicted Muſe's moan,
A ſwain, tow'rds full-ag'd manhood wending,
Sate ſorrowing at the cloſe of day,
At whoſe fond ſide a boy attending,
Liſp'd half his father's cares away.
The father's eyes no object wreſted,
But on the ſmiling prattler hung,
Till, what his throbbing heart ſuggeſted,
Theſe accents trembled from his tongue.
" My youth's firſt hope, my manhood's treaſure,
My prattling innocent, attend,
Nor fear rebuke, or ſour diſpleaſure,
A father's lovelieſt name is Friend.
Some truths, from long experience flowing,
Worth more than royal grants, receive,
For truths are wealth of heaven's beſtowing,
Which kings have ſeldom power to give.
Since, from an antient race deſcended,
You boaſt an unattainted blood,
By yours be their fair fame attended,
And claim by birth-right — To be good.

In love for every fellow-creature,
Superior riſe above the crowd,
What moſt ennobles human nature
Was ne'er the portion of the proud.
Be thine the generous heart that borrows
From others joys a friendly glow,
And for each hapleſs neighbour's ſorrows
Throbs with a ſympathetic woe.
This is the temper moſt endearing;
Tho' wide proud pomp her banner ſpreads,
An heavenlier power good-nature bearing,
Each heart in willing thraldom leads.
Taſte not from Fame's uncertain fountain
The peace-deſtroying ſtreams that flow;
Nor from Ambition's dangerous mountain
Look down upon the world below.
The princely pine on hills exalted,
Whoſe lofty branches cleave the ſky,
By winds, long brav'd, at laſt aſſaulted,
Is headlong whirl'd in duſt to lie;
While the mild roſe more ſafely growing,
Low in its unaſpiring vale,
Amidſt retirement's ſhelter blowing,
Exchanges ſweets with every gale.
Wiſh not for Beauty's darling features
Moulded by Nature's fondling power,
For faireſt forms, 'mong human creatures,
Shine but the pageants of an hour.

I ſaw the pride of all the meadow,
At noon, a gay Narciſſus blow
Upon a river's bank, whoſe ſhadow
Bloom'd in the ſilver waves below;
By noon-tide's heat its youth was waſted,
The waters, as they paſs'd, complain'd,
At eve its glories all were blaſted,
And not one former tint remain'd.
Nor let vain Wit's deceitful glory
Lead you from Wiſdom's path aſtray,
What genius lives renown'd in ſtory,
To happineſs who found the way?
In yonder mead behold that vapour,
Whoſe vivid beams illuſive play,
Far off it ſeems a friendly taper,
To guide the traveller on his way;
But ſhould ſome hapleſs wretch purſuing,
Tread where the treacherous meteors glow,
He'd find, too late, his raſhneſs rueing,
That fatal quickſands lurk below.
In life ſuch bubbles nought admiring,
Gilt with falſe light, and fill'd with air,
Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
To Peace in Virtue's cot repair.
There ſeek the never waſted treaſure,
Which mutual love and friendſhip give,
Domeſtic comfort, ſpotleſs pleaſure,
And bleſs'd and bleſſing you will live.

If

If heaven with children crowns your dwelling,
As mine its bounty does with you,
In fondneſs fatherly excelling,
Th' example you have felt purſue."
He paus'd—for tenderly careſſing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expreſſing
Thoughts language never could impart.
Now night her mournful mantle ſpreading,
Had rob'd with black th' horizon round,
And dank dews, from her treſſes ſhedding,
With genial moiſture bath'd the ground;
When back to city follies flying,
'Midſt cuſtom's ſlaves he liv'd reſign'd,
His face, array'd in ſmiles, denying
The true complexion of his mind;
For ſeriouſly around ſurveying
Each character, in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
That play'd upon this human ſtage,
(Peaceful himſelf and undeſigning)
He loath'd the ſcenes of guile and ſtrife,
And felt each ſecret wiſh inclining
To leave this fretful farce of life.
Yet to whate'er above was fated,
Obediently he bow'd his ſoul,
For, what all bounteous heaven created,
He thought heaven only ſhould controul.

THE LASS OF ISLEWORTH MILL.

BY THE REV. MR. WOODESON.

DAN Pope firſt in vogue
Brought the blithe Molly Mogg,
And flouriſh'd her praiſe with his quill;
But ſtrange! that as yet
No Twickenham wit
Ever thought of a neighbouring mill.

That the ſea's foamy juice
Did Venus produce,
Let poets inſiſt on it ſtill,
I ſtoutly aver,
That a fairer than her,
Took her riſe from the froth of the mill.

But ſay, O ye Nine,
How a Nymph ſo divine
Could the lap of a Miller's wife fill?
Say, did not ſome God
Stray out of his road,
And ſet up his ſtaff in the mill?

Jove, roguiſh and looſe,
In the ſhape of a gooſe,

Did

Did Leda ſo lovingly bill,
That Helen ſhe hatch'd,
Who never was match'd,
But by the fair Laſs of the Mill.

In another diſguiſe
Alcmena he plies,
Like Amphitryon he frolics his fill;
Then why might not Jove,
As a cloak for his love,
Take upon him the Man of the Mill.

No to tell every grace
Of this freſh-water laſs,
I muſt own far ſurpaſſes my ſkill,
Even Pope could not do't,
And from head to foot
Deſcribe the fair Laſs of the Mill.

Once Homer inflam'd,
An hundred tongues claim'd
Some arduous taſk to fulfill,
Let me tell thee, old Bard,
This taſk were too hard,
Tho' thou hadſt all the clacks of the Mill.

Ye youth all beware!
She's bewitchingly fair,

Her eyes moſt aſſuredly kill;
And a boſom more ſleek
Than the downy ſwan's neck
Has the beautiful Laſs of the Mill.

Under petticoat red
Tho' her feet be well hid,
Yet peep they alternately will,
Which plainly muſt ſhew
More charms in perdue
Has the beautiful Laſs of the Mill.

But fie! Muſe forbear
'Tis better by far
No more of thoſe charms to reveal,
So doing you might
New rivals excite,
And carry more ſacks to the Mill.

With influence benign,
Ah! would ſhe incline
With my ſtars but to favour my will,
So it might be with her
'Twould be raptures I ſwear,
And muſic to live in a Mill.

Then fair-one be kind,
Nor with water or wind

Inconſtant turn round like the wheel,
Leſt, when I am dead,
It might juſtly be ſaid,
That thy heart was the ſtone of the Mill.

A SONG.

UNjuſtly, Cloe, you ſuggeſt,
That I, inconſtant, have poſſeſt,
Or lov'd a fairer ſhe:
Would you at once with eaſe be cur'd
Of all the ills you've long endur'd,
Conſult your glaſs and ſee.

And if you think that I can find
A nymph more fair, or one more kind,
You've reaſon for your fears:
But if, impartial you will prove
To your own beauty, and my love,
How needleſs are your tears.

If in my way I ſhould by chance
Give or receive an amorous glance,
I like but while I view:
How ſlight's the glance, how faint the kiſs,
To that much more ſubſtantial bliſs
Which I receive from you?

With wanton flight the curious bee
Thro' beds of violets ranges free,
And where each floweret blows,
Extracts the juice of all he meets,
But, for his quinteſſence of ſweets,
He ſettles on the roſe.

So I, my paſſion to employ,
In each variety of joy,
From nymph to nymph may roam,
Perhaps ſee fifty in a day,
Thoſe are but viſits which I pay,
But Cloe is my home.

ELEG

ELEGY.

A SHEPHERDESS LAMENTS HER DROWNED LOVER.

YE maids of the village attend
To the ſorrowful tale I now ſpeak,
Oh, refuſe not your comfort to lend,
For my heart is juſt ready to break!

Ye knew my dear Celadon well,
He was ſprightly, and handſome, and young,
On his lips what perſuaſion did dwell!
How melodiouſly ſoft was his ſong!

He was all my fond heart e'er deſir'd,
He was all that was generous and brave,
What pity the charms I admir'd
From death had not power to ſave!

But juſt as the day did approach,
To give the dear youth to my arms,
From the waters they brought me his corſe,
How faded were all his gay charms!

As the lily, when drooping with rain,
Dejectedly hangs down its head,
So languiſh'd his beautiful cheek,
And all its vermilion was fled.

His voice, that as muſic was ſweet,
No more I enraptur'd ſhall hear,
No more the fond ſwain ſhall repeat
A tale of ſoft love in my ear.

Convey the dear youth to his grave,
Left his beautiful form I adore,
Yet one ſilent kiſs let me have,
For, alas! I ſhall ſee him no more.

Ye maidens attend on his bier,
And ſtrew all the pathway with flowers,
And oh! ye kind deities hear!
May their loves be more happy than ours!

As for me, I will henceforth beware
How in love I engage my fond heart,
For tho' love is a joy, how ſevere
Is the pang from a lover to part!

ZELIS AT TRIPOLI, TO * IBRAHIM IN LONDON.

AN EPISTLE.

She has heard of his infidelity to her, which occaſions a fit of illneſs, in which ſhe writes this.

OH, thou delight and ſovereign of my ſoul,
Haſte to reviſit thy lov'd native ſhore,
Quick as the lightning flies from pole to pole,
Fly thou to me, ere yet I am no more!

Thoſe charms which thou wert wont ſo much to prize,
Thoſe charms, alas! are now for ever fled,
Faded and gone the luſtre of my eyes,
And all the roſes on my cheeks are dead.

As the pale lily, drench'd with morning dews,
Hangs down dejectedly its drooping head,
So my wan cheek to the beholder ſhews,
Ne'er to reſume its once delicious red.

* Ibrahim is the late Tripoli ambaſſador, and Zelis his wife.

Black boding thoughts firſt robb'd me of my peace,
And long in ſecret on my mind have prey'd,
In vain is medicine tried to give me eaſe,
In vain, alas! is the phyſician's aid.

For babbling Fame has whiſper'd in my ear,
Since you your Zelis could no longer ſee,
That to your boſom ſhe no more is dear,
And Ibrahim is falſe to love and me;

That you're a rover, like the birds of air,
Or, like the bee, that ſips each honied flower,
You flutter round each gay fantaſtic fair,
And fondly court her to the myrtle bower.

Does the firſt object of my early love,
To whom I gave my ſpotleſs virgin charms,
Ungrateful to his faithful Zelis prove,
And waſte his ſubſtance in a Dancer's arms?

Hark! Honour warns thee from each vicious deed,
Oh rouſe each virtue ſleeping in thy breaſt!
Thy Zelis' boſom then no more ſhall bleed,
No more ſhall be with jealous cares oppreſt.

What wouldſt thou think, if traitor to thy bed
Thy Zelis ſhould, while thou art abſent, prove,
By every amorous youth aſtray be led,
And to whoever courts her yield her love?

But ſhe, tho' ſharp thorns rankle in her breaſt,
Still to her mate, like Philomel, is true,
Like that ſweet bird at night can take no reſt,
But ſings a plaintive ſong of love and you.

No need have I of ſlaves to guard my door,
Of Negro hags moſt hideous to the ſight,
Virtue can ſhield, whoe'er ſhe dwells with, more
Than eunuchs watching round her bed each night.

Oh think, thou dear deſtroyer of my eaſe,
Oh think how cruel thoſe deep wounds muſt prove,
How it muſt rob me of all joy and peace,
To know that Ibrahim's faithleſs to his love?

Haſte to my arms, before my eyes I cloſe,
To calm the torments I for thee endure,
Haſte, for 'tis thou alone canſt bring repoſe,
The hand that gave the wound alone can cure.

Oh then reſtore my peace before I die;
Let me thy graceful, manly perſon view;
Oh let me hear thee ſay, that " tho' thy eye
Was free, thy heart to me was always true."

So will I claſp thee in my longing arms,
So will I bleſs thee with my lateſt breath,
So will I pleas'd reſign my faded charms
To the relentleſs clay-cold hands of death.

And ſure theſe faded charms again ſhall bloom,
And, like to man's, my ſoul to heaven ſhall fly,
My body riſe more glorious from the tomb,
And live with Allah to eternity.

Elſe why has heaven beſtow'd a generous mind,
Adorn'd with virtue, conſtancy, and love?
If here on earth no due reward they find,
They ſurely muſt be recompens'd above.

Perhaps there walking in immortal groves,
Like ſome celeſtial Houri I ſhall ſhine,
Perhaps again we ſhall renew our loves,
And my dear Ibrahim be for ever mine.

No jealous fears ſhall then my peace deſtroy,
No thoughts of parting ſhall diſturb my reſt,
But love alone my every thought employ,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

THE LADIES LAMENTATION FOR THE DEPARTURE OF IBRAHIM.

ALL ſilent awhile be each breeze,
Stop, Thames, as thou rolleſt along,
Attend, and convey to the ſeas
The heart-piercing notes of our ſong.

Alas, muſt the youth ſo ſoon go!
Oh, Ibrahim, muſt thou depart?
Oh ſtay, and ſome pity beſtow,
And break not with ſorrow each heart.

So ſmiling and gay was his face,
His neck ſo majeſtic and ſtrong,
The maidens all crouded to gaze
Wherever he paſſed along.

His voice, that as muſic was ſweet,
No more we enraptur'd ſhall hear,
No more the dear youth ſhall repeat
A tale of ſoft love in each ear.

No longer with us ſhall he walk,
No more ſhall he preſs the ſoft hand,
Nor in praiſe of our charms e'er ſhall talk,
Such praiſe as no maid could withſtand.

No more at dear whiſt, or quadrille,
Shall we chaſe the dull evening away,
No more ſhall each interval fill
With chit-chat, and innocent play.

Ye zephyrs, oh bear all our ſighs,
To blow him a proſperous gale,
If (deaf to our tears and our cries)
The youth is reſolv'd to ſet ſail.

But if he with anguiſh does go,
Oblig'd by parental command,
Adverſe may the gale always blow,
And bear him again to our land.

If (ſpite of the prayers of the fair)
Winds bear him to Tripoli's ſhore,
Our hearts ſhall his preſence declare,
When the eye ſhall behold him no more.

HOPE. A PASTORAL BALLAD.

MY pipe ſounds a cheerfuller note,
My crook is new garniſh'd with flowers,
This day to ſweet thoughts I devote,
Where bloſſom the eglantine bowers.

My ſheep unattended may ſtray
Where clover impurples the plain,
My dog unregarded may play,
Till morning riſe on him again.

'Tis fit that they too ſhould partake
Of the joy that enlivens my ſoul,
At night I'll repair to the wake,
And merrily quaff the full bowl.

Juſt now, as I walk'd thro' the grove,
I met my dear Delia there,
And told her a tale of my love,
Which ſhe ſeem'd with ſoft pleaſure to hear.

A bluſh, like the bluſh of the dawn,
Stole over her beautiful cheek,
Smiles, ſweeter than infants new-born,
Told, more than I wiſh'd her to ſpeak.

I ſtole from her hand a ſweet kiſs,
Nor tried ſhe to draw it away,
No deſcription comes up to the bliſs
That reigns in my boſom to-day.

Methinks every Zephyr that blows
Soft muſic conveys to my ear,
Methinks every floweret that grows
More blooming and freſh does appear.

The birds tune their muſical throats,
And ſing moſt delightfully ſweet,
In ſoft and more delicate notes
Sweet Echo my ſighs does repeat.

* ODE TO SENSIBILITY.

THanks to thee, Nymph, whoſe powerful hand
From dulneſs ſet me free,
Thy praiſes I'll for ever ſing,
Sweet Senſibility.

Thy touch, ſo gentle and benign,
Revives the torpid heart,
Thou pleaſure canſt from pain refine,
To joys new joy impart.

By thee the gaudy rainbow ſhows
More beauteous to the eye,
By thee more ſweetly ſmells the roſe,
And boaſts a brighter dye.

By thee I taſte the luſcious ſweets
Of Cloe's nectar'd kiſs,
By thee I laugh, or cheerful ſing,
And ſeize each tranſient bliſs.

When Cloe tunes her liquid voice,
Or tries ſoft muſic's art,
By thee the ſounds melodious pierce,
Like lightning, to the heart.

* See prayer for indifference, Poet. Cal. vol. 6. p. 76.

By thee the poet's charming lays
  Our various paſſions move,
Now fire the ſoul with rage, or melt
  To pity, or to love.

By thee the ſcientific page
  The ſcholar's eye delights,
By thee he ſhares the feaſt of wit,
  Or wit himſelf indites.

With thee we taſte the joys of wine,
  Of friendſhip, and of love,
When thou art gone we lonely pine,
  Or melancholic rove.

EPIGRAM

UPON MRS. COLLIER'S DEDICATING THE DEATH OF ABEL TO THE QUEEN.

WHen Cain and Abel their firſt offerings made,
Abel's alone th' Almighty pleas'd ſurvey'd;
Sullen and vex'd, unpitying Cain withdrew,
And ſoon in private virtuous Abel ſlew.
But Britain's queen, when Collier homage paid,
And at the throne her book of Abel laid,
Fearing leſt envy might attend regard,
Receiv'd the offering, but denied reward!
She fear'd leſt Abel might again be ſlain,
And every Critic prove another Cain.

EPITAPH

WRITTEN IN A FIT OF THE VAPOURS.

THat man is a vapour the Scriptures declare,
Which aſſertion you'll find to be verified here,
He ſuck'd in the vapours when firſt he drew breath,
And ne'er breath'd them out till the day of his death,
As in life ſo in death very low he now lies,
Yet he firmly believes that his ſpirit will riſe.

AN EPISTLE

FROM MARY THE COOK, TO RICHARD THE FARMER.

Love, who can thy power controul?

RIchard! of all mankind the moſt complete,
Plump as a partridge, and as ſugar ſweet,
Thy breath is fragrant as the new-mown hay,
Thy roguiſh eyes have ſtole my heart away,
Thy dunghills mounts of ſweet perfumes appear,
Thy hogs grunt muſic to my love-ſick ear;
Where'er you tread a fragrant odour flies,
Sweet as the vapour from the ſweeteſt pies.
On Sunday laſt it was you threw me down,
My apron tore, and all bedaub'd my gown,
Then would I fain have told you, you was rude,
And ſlapt your face—ah! faith I wiſh I could;
What could I do? your hugging ſtopp'd my breath,
Nor could I move, tho' I'd been hugg'd to death:
Since that dear time my heart has known no reſt,
But has been broiling in my flaming breaſt;
Since that ſweet time I neither ſleep nor eat,
I ſpoil my puddings, and I burn my meat.
What miſchief love creates in human hearts!
My maſter ſwears he cannot touch my tarts.

Whate'er

Whate'er I dreſs, ſince then, I'm ſure to ſpoil,
Nor can I roaſt or bake, or ſtew or boil.
By day, by night, whate'er I think or do,
My thoughts are always gadding after you.
Amelia and the gentlefolk above
Say they are poz, that Moll is deep in love:
In vain I vow, perſeſt, and ſwear in vain
They ſee my vows are much againſt the grain:
They ſee the love that I would fain conceal,
They ſee my face as white as any veal.
Then to my arms, and to my wiſhes fly,
I'll fill thy pockets with a Chriſtmas pye,
Of fineſt flour a pudding I will make,
Store it with plumbs, and bake it for thy ſake;
For oft I've heard (oh bleſs that charming voice!)
A bak'd plumb-pudding was my Dickey's choice.
Come then, oh come! and charm my longing eyes,
Come, ſave my ſoups, my puddings, and my pyes;
One ſmile from thee my ſenſes will reſtore,
And I ſhall cook as I have cook'd before.

MARY DERBY.

RICHARD THE FARMER'S ANSWER.

Love reigns a very tyrant in my breaſt.

DEAR MARY,

THis morn, when at the inn I'd ſold my hay,
Give me, ſays I, the paper of to-day;
But ſure it ſtruck me with a ſtrange ſurprize,
When Mary's letter met her Richard's eyes;
For, tho' thy lines to me are always dear,
I wonder'd how the devil they came there.
Much I admire th' expreſſions of thy love,
Thy praiſe beſtows a joy all joys above,
Even that which yields ſuch exquiſite delight,
When the ripe harveſt meets my raviſh'd ſight.
Yet, deareſt Mary, it is I ſhould ſay,
" Your breath is ſweeter than the new-mown hay,
" Your roguiſh eyes have ſtole my heart away."
Since from my fields your likeneſſes you take,
Mine from your kitchen give me leave to make.
Your eyes ſo ſoft, ſo delicately round,
Are like two plumbs I've in a pudding found,
The jet black plumbs their heighten'd luſtre owe
To the ſurrounding pudding's cheeks of ſnow.
Should I behold the table richly ſtor'd,
And a bak'd pudding crown the tottering board,

Believe

Believe me, Richard not a bit would taſte,
If Molly at the table was not plac'd:
A pudding bak'd I ever did approve,
But what's a pudding to a man in love?
Love is a flame—indeed 'tis very hot;
How my blood boils, like water in a pot?
My inward pain my pale complexion ſpeaks,
Which once was browner than a bak'd ox cheek's;
Cupud has pierc'd me with his ſharpeſt dart,
'Tis juſt as if your ſpit went thro' my heart.
Alas! how tedious ſeems the livelong day,
That keeps me from my Molly far away.
I'd fly to thee, my love—but Dobbin's lame,
Oh fate, thou lov'ſt at me thy darts to aim!
My father calls—one word, and then adieu—
To his dear Mary Richard's ever true;
Oh, how I long to ſee thoſe lovely eyes!
'Tis all I aſk—for others keep your pies.

ON SOME DULL ILL-NATURED VERSES.

" TRue wit is like the precious ſtone
" Dug from the Indian mine,
" Which boaſts two various powers in one,
" To cut as well as ſhine."

But thine appears ſome paltry ſtone,
When judg'd of by theſe ſigns,
Whoever tries, convinc'd, muſt own,
It neither cuts nor ſhines.

SALT

* SALT WATER CELEBRATED.

OH may the worthy wight be bleſt,
In happieſt ſtate of man's ſalvation,
Who firſt found out for the diſtreſt
Th' ingenious art of navigation.

By this how oft the needy ſwain,
Who ſcarce on land can get a living,
Cheerful and happy ploughs the main,
While wife and family are thriving.

The merchant ſpreads the ſwelling ſail,
And goes o'er pathleſs oceans ſtrolling;
Then quick returns with proſperous gale,
And ſees his riches round him rolling.

Even Britain owes its envied ſtate
To this moſt fortunate invention;
Then may the caitiff meet with hate,
Who of it makes irreverent mention.

When he with rank diſeaſe ſhall pine,
And ſtand in need of purge or vomit,
May he be forc'd to ſwill the brine,
No benefit receiving from it.

* See Poetical Calendar for October, p. 121.

Of what he ſpeaks of fallen Eve,
With much attention we've been thinking,
The brine was meant, I do believe,
To keep a certain place from ſtinking:

So naturaliſts ſay, that ſalt
Is given to keep the ocean ſweet,
Elſe we ſhould e'er be finding fault
Our fiſh were never fit to eat.

You, who your beſt friends thus diſgrace,
Deſerve to have a hearty banging,
And ſhould be thankful in this caſe,
Salt water often ſaves from hanging.

If that ſhould ever be your lot,
No briny tide we then will borrow,
But careleſs ſee you go to pot,
Without a ſingle mark of ſorrow.

But rather do we wiſh to ſee
(Oh how our fancies it does tickle!)
The boatſwain flog you heartily,
Then waſh you well in briny pickle.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON LOTTERIES.

A Lottery, like a magic ſpell,
All ranks of men bewitches,
Whoſe beating boſoms vainly ſwell
With hopes of ſudden riches.

With hopes to gain ten thouſand pound,
How many poſt to ruin,
And for an empty, airy ſound,
Contrive their own undoing!

Thoſe on whom wealth her ſtores has ſhed,
May freely bear their croſſes;
But they who earn their daily bread,
Oft ſink beneath their loſſes.

'Tis ſtrange, ſo many fools we find
By tickets thus deluded,
And, by a trifling turn of mind,
From life's beſt bliſs excluded.

For life's beſt bleſſing, calm content,
Attends no more his ſlumbers,
Who dreams of profit cent. per cent.
And ſets his heart on numbers.

Thro'

Thro' all life's various ſtages, care
Our peace will oft diſquiet,
Life a free-gift it comes, we ne'er
Need be in haſte to buy it.

He who intent on ſhadowy ſchemes,
By them is deeply bubbled,
Deſerves to wake from golden dreams
With diſappointment doubled.

Unmov'd by Fortune's fickle wheel,
The wiſe man chance deſpiſes,
And prudence courts with fervent zeal—
She gives the higheſt prizes.

YORK AND KENT,

OR THE CONTEST ABOUT THE BIRTH-PLACE OF GENERAL WOLFE.

AROund the world when Homer's genius ſhone,
And Ilium ſtoop'd to Homer's chiefs alone,
When peaceful Ithaca Ulyſſes ſought,
Spreading that wiſdom which the poet taught,
Contending cities then, inſpir'd by Fame,
To Homer's birth advanc'd their eager claim.
With equal pride each county now, behold!
Among her ſons has gallant Wolfe enroll'd.
Were there a Bard, like Homer, to rehearſe
His glorious deeds (they aſk no meaner verſe)
His own Achilles rivall'd he might tell,
While in Quebec a ſecond Ilium fell.

ADVICE TO A LADY,

WHO TALKED OF TURNING NUN.

WHat pious whims, my fair, are theſe?
Why to a nunnery would you go?
Hear me, nor let the truth diſpleaſe,
You know not what you mean to do.

You

You mean, thoſe beauties all to hide
That Nature in her bounty gave,
To make you of her works the pride,
And fix the world your willing ſlave.

You mean, in cloiſter'd gloom, to ſhade
Thoſe eyes, that now the ſun outſhine,
But diamonds, ſure, were never made
To ſhroud their luſtre in the mine.

You mean, by abſtinence, to loſe
Thoſe bluſhes in your cheeks that riſe;
But take this leſſon from the roſe,
Once from the garden torn, it dies.

You mean, with penance harſh, to prove,
At the chill hour of midnight prayer,
Thoſe graceful limbs, that, as you move,
Betray too plain the Goddeſs there.

Perfection center'd thus in one,
The gift, as Nature meant, receive,
You, like the Phœnix, ſhine alone,
But, like her too, a Phœnix leave.

PE-

PETRARCH AND LAURA.

AN EPIGRAMMATIC TALE.

DAN Petrarch of old, it has often been ſaid,
By ſome Cardinal urg'd, his fair Laura to wed,
With an offer of fortune (and well-tim'd it was,
For poets have ſeldom much rent from Parnaſs')
Cried, my lord you'll excuſe me, but I have a reaſon
Why even this offer becomes out of ſeaſon;
I've a new book of ſonnets juſt ripe for the preſs,
Upon the ſame plan as the laſt, you may gueſs;
I have there, all along, made my Laura a goddeſs,
And Venus, to pleaſe me, has lent her the boddice;
While Hebe, Minerva, and twenty to boot,
With gifts all celeſtial have trick'd me her out.
Now marriage, my lord, the whole charm would de-
And hurl her divinity quite from the ſky, [ſtroy,
To my coſt I ſhould find her no more than a woman,
And my ſonnets, alas! would gain credit with no man.

SON-

SONNET.

AH! why did heaven ſuch angel-charms beſtow,
To make me gaze, and ſicken with deſire?
Why every virtue laviſh on thee ſo,
To fan a ſtrong, but ineffectual fire?

To me, alas! inexorable fate
Denies that tribute I aſpir'd to pay,
Yet may I live untortur'd by thy hate,
Since, how I lov'd, thou haſt forbad me ſay!

If e'er, the captive of thoſe angel-charms,
A future ſwain his paſſion ſhall declare,
Some happier omen guide him to thy arms,
Crown'd be that paſſion by ſome kinder ſtar!
But may that future ſwain in merit equal thee,
And in his conſtancy alone reſemble me!

THE CAUSE OF INCONSTANCY.

HOW have I heard the fair lament
Mans falſehood, and their wretched fate?
How few are with their ſpouſe content,
Or conſtant to their ſighing mate?

How ſeldom ſouls below are join'd,
For one another form'd above?
How ſeldom pairs of hearts we find,
By heaven ordain'd for mutual love?

Thus man's inconſtant ſoul we blame,
For want of knowledge, or of thought,
When all the while, 'tis in the frame
Of both their bodies lies the fault.

When Jove had made this little ball,
For four-legg'd beaſts, and creeping things,
At length he form'd, to govern all,
A two-legg'd creature without wings.

Millions of theſe he made at once,
To ſave himſelf all further trouble,
And men and women, for the nonce,
By pairs, like tallies, he made double.

Then

Then from Olympus dreadful top,
Well ſhaken in a bag together,
He toſs'd them down, and let them drop
Juſt as it pleas'd the wind or weather.

Some fell in Aſia, ſome in Greece,
In England ſome, and ſome in Spain,
But ſeldom two of the ſame piece,
In the ſame climate met again.

Hence men, who grown to riper years,
Remembring this their former making,
Hunt up and down to find their peers,
And women too in the ſame taking.

Some prove too ſhort, and ſome too tall,
This is too big, and that too little,
A fault they're ſure to find in all,
Few ever tally to a tittle.

By chance a pair may meet and love,
And ſpend their lives in bliſs together,
But when they tumbled from above,
It muſt be mighty temperate weather.

From hence the murmuring fair may ſee,
Mens hearts are not to blame a bit,
Our ſouls would never diſagree,
If once our bodies did but fit.

A PASTORAL HYMN,

TAKEN FROM THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM,

SEcure o'er the meadow, the valley, and grove,
My ſteps in a ſweet rural innocence rove;
All eaſe in my boſom, nor mine is the care,
Or to tread the right path, or my food to prepare;
E'er my wiſhes I ſpeak, every want is ſupplied,
And how can I err—when the Lord is my guide!

By the hand of indulgence each day am I bleſs'd,
And am lull'd every night on the pillow of reſt:
When hungry, my ſhepherd his votary leads
To the banquet of nature, that ſmiles on the meads;
And commands, when I'm thirſty, my fever to ceaſe
With pure living ſtreams from the fountain of peace.

Thus calmly I wander the journey of life,
Unknowing of ſorrows, unruffled by ſtrife;
My ſhepherd ſtill ſoothing, with tender controul,
Each rebel of paſſion, that heaves in my ſoul;
Still pointing indulgent the path to my ſight—
And how happy am I—when I know 'tis the right!

Should I tread the lone valley, the comfortleſs ground,
Where Death ſpreads a midnight of darkneſs around,

No danger of fear—while I roam o'er the plain;
Oh! Death all thy horrors, and frowns are in vain!
Still, ſtill thro' the deſert my ſhepherd attends,
Of parents the fondeſt, the deareſt of friends.

Ah! vainly, ye wicked, ye point at my heart,
For the hand of the Lord turns aſide every dart;
Ah! vainly, believe me, your rage ye employ
To ſully the ſweets of an innocent joy;
The oil of delight ſhall ſtill ſtream on my head,
And my cup the rich fountains of tranſport ſhall ſhed.

Yes—faithful attendants,—unmov'd from my ſide
Thy truth ſhall protect me, thy mercy ſhall guide;
Yes—Life's little round with ſuch friends will I ſtray,
Nor heed any danger that frowns in my way;
Then—wing my bold flight to my Saviour's abode,
And proſtrate my ſoul at the throne of my God.

A DIVINE PASTORAL.

BY DR. BYRON.

THE Lord is my ſhepherd, my guardian, and guide;
Whatſoever I want he will kindly provide;
Ever ſince I was born, it is he that hath crown'd
The life that he gave me with bleſſings all round:
While yet on the breaſt a poor infant I hung,
E'er time had unlooſen'd the ſtrings of my tongue,
He gave me the help which I could not then aſk;
Now therefore to thank him ſhall be my tongue's taſk.
Thro' my tendereſt years, with as tender a care,
My ſoul, like a lamb, in his boſom he bare;
To the brook he would lead me, whene'er I had need,
And point out the paſture where beſt I might feed:
No harm could approach me; for he was my ſhield
From the fowls of the air, and the beaſts of the field;
The wolf, to devour me, would oftentimes prowl,
But the Lord was my ſhepherd, and guarded my ſoul.
How oft, in my youth, have I wander'd aſtray?
And ſtill he hath brought me back to the right way!
When, loſt in dark error, no path I could meet,
His word, like a lantern, hath guided my feet:
What wondrous eſcapes to his kindneſs I owe!
When, raſh and unthinking, I ſought my own woe:

My ſoul had, long ſince, been gone down the deep,
If the Lord had not watched, when I was aſleep.
Whenſoe'er, at a diſtance, he ſees me afraid,
He ſkips o'er the mountain, and comes to my aid;
Then leads me back gently, and bids me abide
In the midſt of his flock, and feed cloſe by his ſide:
How ſafe in his keeping, how happy and free,
Could I always remain where he bids me to be;
Yea, bleſt are the people, and happy thrice told,
That obey the Lord's voice, and abide in his fold.
The fold it is full, and the paſture is green;
All is friendſhip and love, and no enmity ſeen:
There the Lord dwells, among us, upon his own hill;
With the flocks all around him awaiting his will:
Himſelf, in the midſt, with a provident eye,
Regarding our wants, and procuring ſupply;
An abundance ſprings up of each nouriſhing bud,
And we gather his gifts, and are filled with good.
At his voice, or example, we move, or we ſtay,
For the Lord is himſelf both our leader and way:
The hills ſmoke with incenſe where'er he hath trod,
And a ſacred perfume ſhows the footſteps of God:
While, bleſt with his preſence, the valleys beneath
A ſweet ſmelling ſavour inceſſantly breathe:
The delight is renew'd of each ſenſible thing,
And beheld in their bloom all the beauties of ſpring.
Or, if a quite different ſcene he prepare,
And we march thro' the wilderneſs barren and bare;

By

By his wonderful works, we ſee plainly enough,
That the earth is the Lord's, and the fulneſs thereof:
If we hunger, or thirſt, and are ready to faint,
A relief in due ſeaſon prevents our complaint:
The rain, at his word, brings us food from the ſky,
And rocks become rivers when we are adry.
From the fruitfulleſt hill to the barreneſt rock,
The Lord hath made all for the ſake of his flock;
And the flock, in return, the Lord always confeſs
In plenty their joy, and their hope in diſtreſs:
He beholds in our welfare his glory diſplay'd,
And we find ourſelves bleſt in obedience repay'd:
With a cheerful regard, we attend to his ways,
Our attention is prayer, and our cheerfulneſs praiſe.
The Lord is my ſhepherd; what then ſhall I fear?
What danger can frighten me while he is near?
Not when the time calls me to walk thro' the vale
Of the ſhadow of death, ſhall my heart ever fail;
Tho' afraid, of myſelf, to purſue the dark way,
Thy rod, and thy ſtaff, be my comfort and ſtay;
For I know, by thy guidance, when once it is paſt,
To a fountain of life it will bring me at laſt.
The lord is become my ſalvation and ſong,
His bleſſing ſhall follow me all my life long!
Whatſoever condition he places me in,
I am ſure 'tis the beſt it could ever have been:

For

For the Lord he is good, and his mercies are ſure;
He only afflicts us in order to cure:
The Lord will I praiſe while I have any breath;
Be content all my life, and reſign'd at my death.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

——Nomen inane, vale.

FRiendſhip, adieu! thou dear, deceitful good,
So much profeſs'd, ſo little underſtood:
How often, to thy ſacred injur'd name,
A thouſand vain pretenders lay their claim?
Like flies, attend the ſummer of our day,
And in the ſun-beams of our fortunes play;
But when life's winter-evening ſhades come on,
Soon we behold the treacherous inſects gone,
And find ourſelves at once deſerted and undone.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE DISTRESSED MOTHER, ACTED IN THE COUNTRY TO RAISE MONEY, IN ORDER TO DISCHARGE A DEBTOR FROM PRISON.

BY P. W.

WIde o'er the world Misfortune bears her ſway,
Nor holds a feeble empire of a day:
Bound by no limits, or of place or time,
In every age ſhe reigns, and every clime.
Kings at her will muſt quit their antient throne,
To roam in exile, or in chains to groan;
The widow'd princeſs, and her captive boy,
In foreign lands lament their native Troy.
Think not ſhe claims alone the regal ſeat,
And none can be unhappy but the great;
With fatal bow, ſtill bent and aim'd at all,
She ſees promiſcuous victims round her fall;
Plants in each heart the rankling ſhaft of woe,
Bids from each eye the guſh of ſorrow flow:
Yet fair Compaſſion, heaven-inſtructed maid,
For ever waits to lend her ſoothing aid;
With lenient hand propitious balm beſtows,
Calms the vex'd mind, and breathes divine repoſe.

Such

Such in your breaſts now glow the generous fires,
Which pity kindles, or deſert inſpires:
Warm with like zeal your efforts now agree,
Not without law, to ſet the priſoner free.
Long time, immur'd within yon dreary room,
His days were ſadden'd with perpetual gloom;
Eſtrang'd to him, howe'er the ſeaſons ran,
The face of nature, as the face of man:
By you reſtor'd, forgot his former pain,
He mingles in the cheerful world again.
Poor as he is, your bounty to repay,
His prayers may thank you in the nobleſt way.
To you, the circle of the kind and good,
Sincere he vows unceaſing gratitude;
His failings and his griefs alike unknown,
Love, freedom, health, and peace be all your own;
Eternal bleſſings on your ſteps attend,
Who prove, this night, the poor man's, priſoner's friend.

AN

AN EVENING HYMN.

BY SIR THOMAS BROWN, AUTHOR OF RELIGIO MEDICI.

THE night is come, like to the day,
Depart not thou, great God, away;
Let not my ſins, black as the night,
Eclipſe the luſtre of thy light:
Keep ſtill in my horizon, for to me
The ſun makes not the day, but thee.
Thou, whoſe nature cannot ſleep,
On my temples centry keep;
Guard me 'gainſt thoſe watchful foes,
Whoſe eyes are open while mine cloſe.
Let no dreams my head infeſt,
But ſuch as Jacob's temples bleſt.
While I do reſt, my ſoul advance,
And make my ſleep an holy trance;
That I may, my reſt being wrought,
Awake into ſome holy thought;
And with as active vigour run
My courſe, as doth the nimble ſun.
Sleep is a death; O make me try,
By ſleeping, what it is to die:
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.

Howe'er I reſt, great God, let me
Awake again at laſt with thee:
And thus aſſur'd, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
Theſe are my drowſy days; in vain
I now do wake, to ſleep again;
O come that hour, when I ſhall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever.

A THOUGHT AT WAKING.

THat morning too will dawn, when I ſhall riſe
Freſh from the duſt, and ſoaring ſeek the ſkies;
Then why ſhould I lament that night draws on;
And, tir'd, refuſe to lay my burthen down?
Tho' others more, yet I enough have ſeen,
And gueſs what is to be, by what hath been.
And ſince my youthful days, now almoſt paſt,
Have pleas'd ſo little, welcome thou my laſt.
'Tis the leaſt care, of all that fills this head,
What men deſign when I have ſtole to bed.
Cloſing my eyes, the world I now encloſe,
And Fancy, waking, murthers my repoſe;
But in the grave, the houſe of rich and poor,
Faſt I ſhall ſleep, and dream of life no more.

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